

All the stars in the sky

by foxinspace

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Summary: Luna knows there's something more. Harry just wants someone to care about him. What happens when they both run away?

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(I don't own Harry Potter.)

(Overall warnings include child abuse, child neglect, self harm, and suicide.)

It's when you're left alone for the third time in as many weeks that you decide to take action. You love your father. He's the only family you've got, now that your mum has gone to the stars.

But it feels like you lost both your parents when the cauldron exploded. He's not been the same since. He stares out the window at breakfast, stirs salt and pepper into his tea (and still manages to drink it- you attempt it once, and sneeze so hard you nearly tip the cup over). He pats you on the head and listens to you talk about your day, but it's nothing like before. It's like he's forgotten that you're still here, or that he's still there with you.

The only times he seems himself is when he's off on expeditions for the Quibbler, searching up fantastic beasts and the implausible places one might find them. His step is jaunty, he kisses you on the cheeks with abandon, and slips you sickles and even galleons on the doorstep as he saunters down to his regular Apparition point.

He always leaves you alone when this happens. You don't mind. You're nearly ten, after all, and soon enough, you'll be off to Hogwarts. There's a lady from the village who pops in every day or so to check up on you and make sure the pantry is full and you're managing all right. She's nice but she tends to pinch your cheeks and you hate that. It feels patronising.

When you wake up the next morning, you feel purpose burning in your stomach. It feels warm and comfortable, and you like the reassuring thump of your heart behind your breastbone as you prepare for the day. Jeans on and fastened, Muggle tee shirt with stars sprinkled across the front on. Socks and trainers- you hate them, but you know that you shouldn't walk long distances barefoot. A jumper tied around your waist for when it gets cold.

Your knapsack is next. You fill it carefully. Most of the money you've managed to accumulate from your father's recent guilt-stricken generosity goes into a pouch that you hook around a belt loop and pull inside the waistband of your jeans, but you sprinkle sickles around the pockets, making sure each one has a bit. You need to stop by a bank, you think, to exchange some of it for Muggle money (your father's stash of Muggle money is woefully low, although naturally, you're bringing it along, too), but you don't know where to go. Xenophilius usually goes to Diagon Alley, to Gringotts. Would you be out of place?

It doesn't matter, you decide with a slight shake of your head. Your hair reminds you of its presence and you comb and braid it with slightly trembling fingers. Your comb finds its way into your knapsack.

When you're done, you're quite proud of yourself. You've got clothes, water, food, a Muggle lighter your father procured for you just in case, and several other small items that will hopefully make your trip as comfortable as it's possible for a nearly-ten-year-old to be.

You don't know how long it will take.

You don't know what will happen.

But you know there will be adventure, and at the moment, that's all you care about.

End
file.